



Hang up the oars, the rowlocks lay aside,
For Hanlan now is dead!
The honest sculler who the world defied,
For him our tears are shed.

Many a victory with strong arm he won,
In contests near and far—
Toronto's Island boy and Canada's son—
He now has crossed the bar.

He shall no more his victories relate
To many a listening ear;
World-wide the hearts that grieving congregate
In spirit round his bier.

He saileth on; he wins the final race
Upon the tranquil sea
Of God's great love, thro' His redeeming grace,
Where we all aim to be.

John W. Campbell



Entered according to the Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year of 1908, by John W.
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